

4d.

2

A NEW  
COLLECTION  
Of the Choicest  
SONGS,  
As they are SING at  
COURT,  
BOTH THE  
THEATERS,  
THE  
MUSICK-SCHOOLS  
and Academies, &c.

Collected for the Recreation of Gentlemen;  
Ladies, and others.

---

London, Printed for D. Brown at the Black-Swan with-  
out Temple-Barr, and T. Benskin in St. Brides  
Church-Yard, 1684. g. Dec:

48

NEW

COLLECTION

Of the Choice

SONGS

As sung at

COURT

AND

THEATRE

THE

MUSIC-SCHOOLS

and Academies, &c.

Collected for the Use of Gentlemen

and others

London: Printed for A. Millar at the Black-Swan with  
; and T. Cadogan in St. Pauls

1741

# The willing Lovers.

## A Pleasant New Song.

1.

**A**H Phillis awake,  
Come let us away,  
See how the Gray dawn  
Does Usher the day,  
The Lark aloud Sings,  
And the Flocks they do blate,  
Come Rise my dear Phillis,  
Before 'tis too late.

2.

Let us go where our Loves  
We may mutually bind;  
And then my dear Phillis  
We'll ever be kind;  
I'm willing my Shepherd,  
And bless the fair Morn,  
That does our Nuptials  
With Purple Adorn.

# Cupids Chains Divided.

## A Delightful Song.

I.

**M** Adam, no more I ask your Love,  
Your Charms I all despise,  
Paint nor Perfumes no more shall move,  
Me to such Fond Idolatry,  
Cupid thou God of troubles hence,  
Thou Enemy to Rest,  
Against thy Shafts I have a Fence,  
To Guard my wary Breast.

2.

That Women should suppose disdain,  
Scorns, Taunts and Coyness are,  
The ways our Services to gain,  
And take us in their Snare,  
'Tis nothing so, for those are things,  
That always sets us free,  
Ingratitude it always brings,  
Love's Captives Liberty.

The



# Repentance too Late.

## A New Song.

1.

**I**N a Mirtle Grove,  
Adorned with a Spring,  
As I did once Rave,  
I heard fair Phebe Sing.  
Alas, ye Powers above,  
Had I but once been kind,  
I still had had my Love,  
Who now no more I find.

2.

For by my Scorns he's Slain,  
Kind Damon who for me  
All others did Disdain,  
Curse on my Crueltie.  
Witness ye Grove ye Spring,  
But his sad Fate I'll share,  
Whilst Swan like here I Sing,  
My Death perswading Care.

Cupids

# The Enchantment.

## A Pleasant New Song.

I.

Ye Pow'rs of Night-darkness, and the deep Cell,  
Where poor tormented Ghosts for ever dwell,  
You, you, that Ride upon the swiftest wind,  
And from Earths Center easie passage find,  
Who scour the Regions of the Aire, and sweep  
With level wings the surface of the deep;  
Arise, arise, and fetch my Love again,  
Who now is floating on the Azur Main.

2.

Unbar the Caves where South-west winds do dwell  
Must'ring black Clouds, let them with tempest swell,  
Let lightning burn, till all the Ocean seem  
But one great blaze, a fiery foaming stream;  
Let the waves dash Heavens headlong falling fire  
And their curl'd tops above the Clouds aspire,  
Whilst the affrighted Pilot slack's his hand,  
Throws down his Card, & knows not how to stand

Then

Then, then at random drive the floating tower,  
 Whilst it again return to this safe shoar,  
 That then amidst my Love-aluring charms,  
 He may rest safer then in Thetis Armes,  
 And so confess how he unkindly left  
 Her, who with him, was of all joys bereft;  
 Arise grim Pow'r I say, obey my will,  
 Or else i'le drag you with my Magick spell.

## A delightful Play-Song.

### I.

**S** Ad as Death at dead of Night,  
 The fair complaining Celia fate;  
 But one poor Lamp was all her light,  
 And thus she reason'd with her fate,  
 Why should man such triumphs gain,  
 And purchase joys that give us pain;  
 Ah, what Glory can ensue,  
 A helpless Virgin to undo.

Curse

Curse the Night, and Curse the Hour,  
 When first he drew thee to his Armes,  
 When Virtue was betray'd by Power,  
 And yielded to unlawful Charms,  
 When Love approach'd with all his fiends,  
 Arm'd with hopes and strong desires,  
 Sighs and tears, and every wile  
 With which the Men the Maids beguile.

Dream no more of pleasure past,  
 Since thy Torments are to come,  
 The secret is made known at last,  
 And endless shame is now my doom,  
 The false forsworn, alas is gone,  
 And left thee to despair alone,  
 Who that bears of Celia's pain,  
 Will ever ever trust a Man again.

# Vertues Admirer.

A New Song, as it is Sung at the  
Musick-Schools.

1.

**I**Nspire Apollo's Sacred Muse,  
Ye Nymphs of Helicon infuse,  
Who on Parnassus tops do dwell,  
Breath, breath new flames whilst that I tell,  
Or warble Amorous descant forth  
In Mariana's Praise and worth:  
Roses go hide, Lillies hence flie,  
All blooming Blossoms shed and die.

2.

No outside form I mean to Paint,  
On this my much admired Saint,  
But her perfections in her Soul,  
Which like to Silver streams still rowl:  
Of Wisdom, Love, and Meekness, seat  
The Center where all Vertues meet,  
All Graces dwell, this only this,  
Should be esteemed Loves Paradise.

B

And

37

*And not the Gaudy outside bloom,  
Which soon will wither and consume,  
Which Summers heat or Winters cold,  
With Aged wrinkles can Infold,  
But in my Love such Beauties dwell,  
That Death himself can never kill;  
A lovely lasting happiness,  
I wish ten thousand Joys possess.*

## **The Countrymans Complement, Or the cracking of Philberts.**

**A Pleasant New Song.**

**H**ow now Joan, ad's-Zous well met,  
Dost see how Plaguely I se sweat,  
I se been a Nutting, dost thou see,  
And here Joan here is three for thee.

**Joan.**

Thanks dear John, for now I find,  
You to me are swindging kind,  
But why is this i'th' mid'st so long,  
Sure the to'ther two are young.

**John**

John.

Oh that's a Philbert my Sheepsneye,  
The other round ones that you spie,  
Are to make the Bunch compleat,  
Come lends thy Nutcracker my sweet,  
'Beneath this Bush lie down my dear,  
And thou'lt ha' th' Kernel for thy share.

Joan.

O here then 'tis beneath my Waist,  
To crack your Philbert then make hast.

2.

Ah me the Kernel's passing sweet,  
My John where didst thou gather it,  
O-I'se do long for more, yet more,  
For I'se ne're tasted th' like before.

John.

I'se have the Tree on which they grow,  
And thou'lt nere want I'se tell thee but so,  
If that thy Nutcracker thou'lt but lend,  
I'se will find Filberts to the end.

B 2

The

# The Welch Adventurer.

A most Pleasant New Song.

I.

**H**ur was tell Hur a Trick,  
And Hur was tell hur a thing,  
Hur went good luck to seek,  
Until hur had like to Swing.  
Cots-Plut was see some Cold,  
And then her was think her Rich,  
And with it did strait make bold,  
For why hur fingers did Itch.

2.

But when hur had got it up,  
And with it was trudging away,  
Plut, hur was cry, stop, stop,  
And then hur was forc'd to stay;  
Then was carry hur to Crate house,  
From thence before Lord Shudg,  
Where was burn hur hand Adzouse,  
And then bid hur home to trudge.

The



# The Scotch Lovers: or the Threshing of the Pease-Mow.

A most delightful Song.

1.

JOCKY and Jenny one Evening late,  
Did gang to the Pease Mow, and there sat  
Talking of Love, when Jocky espies,  
Something by Moon-light 'twixt Jennys Th---  
Alas my dear Jenny, prethee what is this,  
Nothing but what should be, by this kiss,  
'Tis dear Jocky, a little Fish-Pond,  
Where you may Angle with your Muckle wand.

2.

With that Jocky laid his Bonnet by,  
And off went's Plad this pastime to try,  
Whilst Jenny kiss'd him in muckle sort,  
And welcom'd kind Jocky to the sport,  
Who cast in his bait, and it soon took,  
'But at the end on't there was no hook;  
And therefore, though he did Angle long,  
He could catch no Fish, though they bit ding dong.

A Charm against Winter: or,  
The Good-Fellows Delight.

A New Song.

1.

**W**hen Winter Freezes up the Fountains,  
And Snow covers all the Mountains,  
Then for good Liquor to keep us warm,  
O-brisk Canary that's a Charm;  
Of better proof then walls of Steel,  
With that once Arm'd, no cold we feel,  
It does defie the sharpest rage,  
That Northern blast can ever wage.

2.

The Eastern winds blow, but in vain,  
The Hoary Frosts, and drizzling Rain,  
Like May-Dew seem to us, when we  
Do drink about most plenteously;  
When round round the Rummer does pass,  
And every Man takes off his Glass,  
Then let it Blow, let it Freeze, let it Snow,  
We Sweat, whilst others shivering go.

The

# The Mournful Shepherd.

## A New Song.

1.

**G**reat Pan thou God of Shepherds hast,  
 Assist an humble Swain,  
 Whom the proud Nymphs bright Eyes did blast,  
 And cause thus to complain,  
 Whilst through the Wood I walking late,  
 Under the coolest shade,  
 I saw fair Cloris, O my Fate,  
 Who by a Stream was laid.

2.

But starting up, unkindly fled,  
 Although I woo'd her stay,  
 Swift as a wand'ring Fire she sped,  
 That leads poor Man astray:  
 And though I sought o're Hill and Plain,  
 Yet never since could I,  
 A sight of all my Joys obtain,  
 O bring her or I die.

# The Frantick Lover.

## A New Song.

I.

**G**rim King of the Ghosts make hast,  
Come bring hither all your Train,  
See how the Pale Moon does wast,  
She is now just in her wain:  
Come Night-Hagg with all your Charms,  
Come Lapland witches away,  
And hugg me close in your Armes,  
To you my respects I'll pay.

2.

I'll Court you, and think you Fair,  
For Love has distracted my Brain,  
Nay, I will wedd the Night-Mare,  
And Kifs her again and again;  
She'll not be scornful and Proud,  
Curse upon Love, let it go,  
I'll get me a winding shroud,  
And down to the Ghosts below.

The

# The Invitation.

## A New Song.

1.

**A** Rise my sweet Phillis, and let's to the Grove;  
And there in shades salace, and talk of our Love;  
There none shall o're hear us, their Envy shan't come,  
And there for Loves pleasures we shall have large Room;  
Whilst over our heads the kind Mirile shall spread,  
We'l make the soft Grasse and sweet Violets our Bed.

2.

The Musick of Nightingals there shall us Charm;  
Whilst we lie folded soft all Arm in Arm;  
Arise then my Fairest, and let us away,  
For hark the sweet Lark does now summons the day;  
Come come my best Love, 'tis Philander does call  
In mighty Loves name, that does still command all!

## A New Town Catch.

**A**T last the loud Murmours that troubled the State;  
The noise and False rumours, which Malice and hate  
Had causelessly rais'd to disturb our sweet Peace,  
Is quite over-blown, and all Jealousies cease,  
And England will flourish again we do hope,  
In spite of Whig-Plotters, and those of the Pope.

C

The

# The Despairing Virgin.

## A New Song.

I.

**A**LL Joy to the Bride that blest'd Hymen does Grace,  
Who Blossoming receives her kind Bridegrooms embrace,  
And seems though most willing, unwilling and coy,  
And faintly resists what she fain would enjoy,  
She, she 'tis that's Happy, But O my hard fate,  
Pity God Cupid before't be too late:  
The flower of my Age I already have spent,  
And none e're yet askt me, why here I was sent.

2.

O the dread thought of deep Acharons Cell,  
And that I hereafter shall lead Apes in Hell,  
Does almost distract me, Lads, what must I do,  
Is't not prepos't'rous for Women to Woe:  
A Curse of her pride and ambition, who first  
Brought up that false fashion, of all things the worst;  
Which tortures poor Virgins whilst mute we must sit,  
And (what they love most) see, but not ask for it.

# The Coy Virgin.

## A New Play-Song.

1.

**F**ast by a River, close under a shade,  
Fair Celia and Strephon one Evening were lay'd,  
The Youth pleaded strong for the fruits of his Love;  
But Honour had won her, his Suit to reprove;  
She cry'd, where's the lustre when the Clouds shade the Sun;  
Or what is brisk Nectar, the taste being gone?  
Amongst Flowers on the Stalk, sweetest Odors do dwell,  
But the Rose being gather'd, it looses its smell.

2.

My dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,  
If e're you will argue, begin on Loves side;  
In matters of State, let all reason be shown,  
But Love is a power will be rul'd by his own;  
Nor need the Coy Beauties be counted so rare,  
For scandal can't touch the Chast and the Fair;  
So scarce are the Jys Loves Alimbeck does fill,  
And Roses are sweetest when brought to the Still.

# Advice to Coy Virgins.

## A Musick Song.

**V**irgins be not Proud,  
Your Roses they will fade,  
And all the Beauteous shroud  
Time will with wrinkles lade,  
Whilst that your Blooms does last,  
Disdain not Lover kind,  
Least when time does them blast,  
Then none at all you find.

## Song.

**R**attle, Rattle, Rattle comes the Car,  
Of Grim Mars, the great God of War,  
And see where Venus sits by his side,  
Whilst Limping Vulcan seems to chide;  
See little Cupid pearching on high,  
From his Bow his Shaft lets fly,  
Whilst the smiling Queen of Love does yield,  
Yet so as She still keeps the Field.



## A Christmas Revel.

**T**Is Christmas time, let's be Merry,  
Let's Play, Sing and Dance till we're weary,  
The Lasses let's Kiss,  
Let none come amiss,  
Be't Nan, Betty, Sue, Pegg or Mary,  
We have at um all,  
Black, Brown, Short, or Tall,  
Doll, Prue, Kate, Cils, Joan or Sary,  
Their Marks stand so fair,  
That you need not to fear,  
Though't be in the dark, to miscarry.

## The languishing Shephardefs.

**C**ome away, come away,  
'Tis Celia calls the Swain,  
Why do'st thou thus delay,  
And make me wait in vain;  
The Shades they do Conspire,  
That we should happy prove,  
In what we most desire,  
Even in the joys of Love.

Love

# LOVE in Despair.

## A Play Song.

**A** Rise pale Ghost, and give me Roome;  
For upon Fates swift Wings I come,  
Death, Grisly King, to thee I yield,  
Thou, thou alas hast gain'd thee Field,  
Better in thy cold Armes to rest,  
Then with despairing Love oppress'd;  
Ah cruel Beauty, see thy Pow'r,  
How it destroys him in an hour.

2.

Whose Armes like Whirlwinds rag'd in War,  
Whilst heaps of Slain his ways did Bar,  
He who ten Thousand Deaths has stood,  
Must now be guilty of his Blood,  
Then be it so, be strong my Arme,  
To sunder Loves bewitching Charm,  
The deed is done, my Spirit fades,  
I come ye Ghosts to your dark shades.

A

## A HEALTH.

**T**O Bacchus we drink,  
Come fill't to the brink,  
Let a Rummer go round whilst we're Merry,  
Let Misers take care,  
We never will spare,  
But round let it go till we're weary;  
O'tis the brisk Wine,  
That makes us Divine,  
Then fill up a Bumper of Sherry.

2.

Round round let it go,  
Above and below,  
Whilst Stars they the Skies do bespangle;  
The Moon she Shines bright,  
Whilst we pass the Night,  
And scorn all such Sots as will wrangle,  
Here Will, here's to you,  
Gra-mercy true blew,  
No Cares shall our thoughts now intangle.

The

## The Charmed Lover.

**M**Y Mistress has Eyes like a Dove,  
Her Cheeks shame the Lilly and Rose,  
Her Lips like two Corrals do move,  
To shew the white Pearls they inclose;  
Her Breasts seem two Pillars of Snow,  
And her Belly like Ivory bright,  
But oh! I le not name what's below,  
But leave you to Judge the delight.

2.

Which often I've took in my dear,  
Whilst close I lay clasp'd in her Armes,  
When right at the Helme I did Stere,  
Whilst she with her Syrean's Charmes,  
Did make me cast Anchor full oft,  
And all my Lull'd Senses beguil'd,  
In Oceans of pleasure so soft,  
That Venus she rightly is stil'd.

Cupids

# Cupids Snare.

A pleasant Musick-school Song.

1.

**T** Riumphant Queen of Beauty,  
Ah you whose lightning Eyes,  
Makes me express my Duty,  
That once did Love dispise;  
No force had all its Charming,  
Fond Cupid I disdain'd,  
And smile to see him Arming,  
To make me feel Loves pain.

2.

But now alas your Features  
Have Charm'd me; Soul of Love,  
Excelling Mortal Creatures;  
O let some Pitty move,  
To th' Conquer'd be not Cruel,  
Dart, Dart some kindly Rays,  
Let not my Heart be Fuel,  
That evermore must blaze.

D

Mournful

# The Mournful Shepherd.

A New Song.

I.

**C**ould Man his wish obtain,  
How happy would he be,  
But wishes seldom gain,  
And hopes they are in vain,  
If fortunes disagree.  
Pity ye Powers of love,  
Our Infelicity.  
Why should the Fates Conspire,  
To frustrate my desire,  
Since Love's the gentle fire,  
That keeps the world alive;  
But me it puts to pain,  
My wishes are in vain,  
Nor promise any hopes to gain.

The

# The Lovers Dream.

## A Pleasant New Song.

1.

**W**Hen gentle Slumber closed,  
My long-long-waking Eyes  
And I on Down reposed,  
Methought ten thousand joys  
Had rapt my Soul, for then  
I did suppose my Love  
Fast in my Armes had been,  
And I her Charms did prove.

2.

Transported with the thought,  
I fancy'd none so bless'd,  
But 'twas a shade I caught,  
The only Aire I press'd,  
Which waking, wounded more  
Then Mortal can express,  
And to the Stigian shoare  
Fled all my happiness.

# The forsaken Nymph.

## A New Song.

1.

**A** Rise ye Winds from your rough Caves,  
And rouse, O rouse the swelling Waves,  
O drive my Love again to Shore,  
That I may see his Face once more;  
Who flies from me on the broad back  
Of the Salt Ocean, through the track  
Of yielding Floods, whilst left alone,  
I sigh, and tell deaf Rocks my moan.

2.

Cruel, O cruel, how he swore,  
He me for ever would adore  
Next to the Pow'r's Divine, but see  
The Pow'r's of Love Mens treachery;  
Too easie my beliefs betray'd,  
And all my hopes just blooming fade,  
Grief, Grief come on, to thee I le wd,  
And on this Sea-bank make my Bed.

Come



Come Sea-Nymphs from your Corral Caves,  
 Arise blew Trytons from your Waves,  
 Revenge my Death, O close my eyes,  
 For wrong'd in Love, a Virgin dies,  
 Witness the Fires that burns so bright,  
 Witness the Tapers of the night,  
 Witness the Spring and Groves she cry'd,  
 And then she laid her down and dy'd.

## Cupids Delight.

A Play Song.

**A**H how pleasant are the Charms of Love,  
 Which like Streams are always flowing,  
 Ah how pleasant are the Charms of Love,  
 Which like Streams are always flowing,  
 So my Passions still a growing,  
 Nothing but my Celia's Eyes can move,  
 So my Passion's still a growing,  
 Perfect and Immortal as the Joys above.

The

# The Joys of a happy Marriage.

## A New Play Song.

1.

**A**LL hail to the Pleasures of Love,  
All hail to the Amorous Charms,  
Where a chaste Passion does move,  
Th' embrace of each others soft Armes,  
Where kisses do Usher Love on,  
Soft Sighs and sweet Murmours invite,  
Whilst panting they pause, and then soon  
Afresh they begin their delight.

2.

Then who'd not enjoy such a bliss,  
To pass away Winters long shade,  
With Beauty, to Toy, Clip and Kiss,  
And on her soft Bosom be laid,  
And like the kind Turtles be Billing,  
To call on new pleasures apace,  
A striving to see who's most willing,  
Again and again to embrace.

The

# The Lovers Invocation.

## A New Play-house Song.

1.

**B**E still ye boisterous Waves,  
Green Neptune rage no more,  
Begone Æolian Slaves,  
To Scithia's Rockie shore;  
Sea-raging Trytons all,  
Whose Loud shells the deep,  
Summons to you I call;  
That you'd my love safe keep.

2.

From dangers that attend  
Such as do Plough your Brine,  
And him from Racks defend,  
Or shoale that undermine  
The smooth deceiving Flood,  
When Nerius leaves to swell,  
You Nymphs that in a wood  
Of Branching Corral dwell.

Do

Do you prove kind and Woode,  
Thetis your Auxiar Queen,  
That She'd to Neptune Sue,  
To Rein his wil'd waves in,  
VWhilst my Souls Charm returns,  
And I my Joy do find,  
(For whom my Passion burns)  
Freed both from waves and wind.

### A Catch.

**T**O the wars, to the wars,  
To get honour and fame,  
Let us banish all fears,  
To create us a Name,  
The grim Tyrant out-face,  
And his Terrors dispise,  
For by that we take place,  
Amongst Stars in the Skies.

The

# Advice to Virgins.

## A Musick-House Song.

I.

**O**NE Moon-shiny Night, as I walked out late;  
I saw a pale Image, and sadly it sate,  
At first I did think it might be some sad Ghost;  
That lately had stray'd from Eliziums Coast,  
But I found my mistake, for alas 'twas not so,  
But a sad Female that once I did know,  
She bewailed her hard Fate, and loudly She Cry'd,  
When I believ'd Man first, I wish I had Dy'd.

2.

For ah my Virginity that is no more;  
Too easy I credited all that he Swore,  
But when he'd undone me, and got his desire;  
Oh then 'twas he Fled, and no more did admire.  
Therefore ye Young Damsels, who bloom in your Prime;  
Beware how false Man in your thoughts too high Clime.  
Who dares to Invoke the bright Powers all above,  
To Witness his Constancy, Passion and Love,

E

How

How to us Devotion for ever he'll pay,  
 When as he our Honours designs to betray,  
 Which being once done, Oh no more he proves kind,  
 But leaves us, and seeks a new Object to find.  
 When we Lament may our unhappy State,  
 But then it avails not, for oh 'tis too Late,  
 What's done can't be undone, then prove not too kind,  
 But take my Advice, for I Speak as I find.

## The Ranting City Dame.

A Song much in Use.

**H**A now I am Married, let others take care,  
 I've one to provide for me, and I'll not spare,  
 I'll take me a Coach, and away to Hide Park,  
 There I'll be Courted by every spark,  
 There's none shall go finer whilst that it does hold,  
 My Gown shall be Tissue, all spangl'd with Gold.

My Jewels and Rings, and what ever beside,  
 I will have, that may but conduce to my Pride,  
 If Husband dare Grumble, I'll graft such a Crest,  
 As it shall soon make him be known from the rest,  
 Whilst I with fine Gallants do take my delight,  
 We'll Revel all day, and we'll sport it all Night.

The

# Loves Tyranny, or the Dis- dainful Beauty.

A New Song.

**P**owers on high,  
From the Skie,  
Cast an Eye,  
And espie  
*The Flames that do Consume my Soul ;  
Tyrant Love  
He does move,  
And does prove,  
Fierce as Jove,  
Whose flaming Thunders shake the Pole ;  
Cruel fair  
Cause of care,  
Beauteous snare,  
O yet hear,  
And do not all my joyes Controul.*

# Fames Darling,

## A New Suog.

**H**Ark how the loud Trumpets they Shrilly do Sound,  
And Drums they do Rattle, whilst Ecchoes rebound,  
The fierce Prancing Steeds, whose Nostrils breath flame,  
Stands champing their Bits, whilst that Eagle wing'd fame,  
Spurs on the brave Warriour, Deaths fears to deride,  
And where Battail Rages, in Arms to abide.

2.

Whilst Leaden Thunder-balls sing round his Head,  
And the Crimson Fields are bestrowed with the Dead,  
The Clashing bright Swords, and the Shaking of Spears,  
Are the best Musick that Sounds in his Ears;  
Such is brave Monmouth, the dread of whose Name,  
Made Monsieur to tremble Scotch Rebels did tame.

## A Catch.

**W**Hen Jove to fair Dane in Showers of Gold,  
Made first his Addresses in the Brazen hold,  
The Virgin she Blush'd and Admired, till at last,  
The Glitering o're in a trance had her Cast,  
And then he Embrac'd her, for scarce is it said,  
That any holds out when such Batterys are made,  
Brisk Lasses oft times to an Incubus Wedd,  
If he but with Gold, and with Silver be Sped.

The



# The Country Bargain.

## A most delightful Song.

**J**ugg what Zaist thou, shall we be Marry'd,  
For in good troth we's long have tarry'd,  
Oh at thy Lips Jugg to have a smack,  
Is not all thou hast something that's black,  
That better will please me, for I long  
To have a Buckle fit for my Thong;  
Then say Jugg, say Jugg, shall it be so,  
And I'll unto the Parson will go.

2.

O kind Hodg, I fear you do but jest,  
But if in Earnest, I think it best,  
That you my Grannums good will do get,  
And then we soon will forwards set,  
For why you know, she's a good old Trot,  
And may give us the Devil knows what;  
As for Flittermilk and Whay, I am sure  
We shall not want whilst she has store.

3.

By my Fathers clouted Shoon thou'rt right,  
And I'll unto the old Jade this night,  
And then Jugg to morrow for the sport,  
When I'll use thee in Muckle sort,  
Buss thee and Hugg thee till thou dost sweat,  
When in thy Smock I anse do the get,  
O the Fancy does make my Chops water,  
To think when Marry'd what will come after.

The

# The Enjoyment.

A pleasant Song.

i.

**A**S through the woods I roved,  
A Nymph there Naked lay,  
Whose Charms so powerful Prov'd,  
That they inforc'd my stay,  
Diana sure said I  
Does sweetly here repose,  
The Goddess of the Skie,  
Who her pail Mantle throws.

2.

Over the Darkest shades,  
Pardon bright form I cry'd,  
For Love my heart Invades,  
And to her then I hied,  
No longer could I hold,  
But clasp'd her in my Armes,  
Who struggling in that Fold,  
Produc'd a thousand Charmes.

The

# The Inlightned Quaker.

A pleasant Chant.

1.

**B**Y Tea and Nay, now I am mov'd,  
Come Rachel come, you must be prov'd;  
The Inward Man has plainly say'd,  
When Satans up, he must be laid,  
And now I say to thee he's stiff,  
Prepare thy Vessel with the Cliff,  
Yea, Buffet him till he is down,  
By yea and nay you must not frown.

2.

The Wicked shall not see it done,  
Nay, now the Raging fit comes on,  
The outward Man does strongly rise,  
O hold him fast between thy Thighs,  
Nay, till he's Tame, let him not go,  
Although he struggle never so;  
So, so, 'tis done, and now I say,  
Gods Lambs together thus may play.

# Cupids Net Broken. I

## A New Song. A

I. . I

**T**orture me no more you pangs of Love,  
Ile not endure your Cruelties,  
Alas that Virtue it shou'd prove,  
Of force too weak for Womans Eyes,  
That the keen glances those Orbs send,  
Should through our Souls a passage gain,  
That man his thoughts should soly bend,  
To seek for that which causes pain.

2. .

Indulgent folly, hence away,  
Beauties bright Beams I will rebate,  
Its Charmes no more shall me betray,  
Nor will I Court my rigged Fate;  
Loves God your Shafts keep in your Quiver,  
For Virtue shall their force repel:  
I once have Lov'd, but more will never,  
Never such languid Torments feel.

F I N I S.

3  
n  
T  
Y  
W  
A  
T  
T  
T  
T  
C  
M  
A  
S  
D